

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

BENJAMIN S. JONES, EDITOR.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

ANN PEARSON, PUBLISHING AGENT.

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The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

A BOSTON MAN IN CHARLESTON AND SAVANNAH—WHAT HE SAW, & HEARD.

We yesterday announced the arrival of the steamer Massachusetts at this port, from Charleston.

A friend of ours, who was a passenger on board, both out and home, has kindly furnished us with the following:

On nearing the coast of South Carolina in the night, all was dark and dismal: not a light to be seen. In the morning a pilot came quite leisurely on board and entered on his duties. In passing up, he had several land marks to run by, the buoy being all taken up, except one, and that so displaced as to deceive any one not constantly familiar with the channel.

A custom-house officer soon appeared on board. The interrogatory, "your baggage, sir?" was addressed to each passenger in turn, and every trunk was opened in his presence, after which a few of the twenty cents in each case was demanded, "on the European plan."

Arriving at the "Mill House," our friend and his companions were met with the utmost courtesy, nothing of the surveillance, sometimes witnessed at a Northern hotel, on the sudden appearance of a Southerner.

The display of military in all parts of the city and surroundings, surpassed any published description. At the hotels, about seven men in ten were in uniform, many of them officers of excellent reputation. There was, but little excitement among them, a general feeling being, as far as could be ascertained, that the present state of affairs was a necessity, and must be endured with patience and fortitude.

A short visit was paid to an iron foundry, where the quantities of shot, shells, etc., being manufactured, was surprising. The negroes employed there exhibited none of that sullenness frequently found on a plantation. They were evidently under the impression that there was danger from a foreign foe, and labored "with a will."

The recently built land fortifications are described as very neat and strong. Neither of these qualities, however, are attributed to the "floating battery." Most of our readers have some idea of the mid-digging machines with which our docks are cleared. The "battery" somewhat resembles one of them, and it is generally admitted by those who have seen it, would be just about as effective in withstanding the terrific fire of the modern "Columbiad." The floating "slaughter-house," as it has been called, is only about eighty feet by forty. Four heavy guns were placed on the end already the heaviest before, (from the sand and iron plating,) when it became necessary to pile bags of sand on the other extreme, to restore the balance. This settled the machine pretty well in the water, and when visited, four negroes were lustily exercising their "muscle" in keeping it from sinking. It was afterwards towed down the harbor, but will probably never be used for an attack.

Only one opinion was expressed in Charleston as to the "Southern Confederacy," viz: that it is a permanent. The United States are not mentioned by the Southerners; they speak of the "Northern Confederacy." Our friend objected to this, considering that our name has not yet been changed. The reply he got was, "Oh! just as you please, sir; terms are not important." He was very politely invited to ride down among the forts, and lack of time only prevented. Very little business was doing, and hard money very hard to obtain. Great confidence was everywhere manifested in the ability of Gen. Beauregard, now in command of the forces. The expenses to the "Confederate Government" for himself and officers is estimated at several thousand dollars a day. He is considered, with the means now at hand, entirely adequate to the task of reducing Fort Sumter, or the accomplishment of any necessary military exploit. It was believed, however, that the fort would be peaceably surrendered, in which case the friendship once existing between the North and South it was hoped would be restored, if not surpassed. But should the "blast of war" be kindled, the bitter animosity which would date from that moment, the present generation has not behind the equal of our continent.

A rumor had been circulated that Major Anderson would leave the fort last Monday, and land in Charleston. It was proposed that he be tendered a dinner and public reception. The reply of Major Anderson is said to have been that he "hoped

he would not be obliged to land in Charleston; and if he did, he must respectfully decline a public reception. He expected to be taken off by a steamer."

A few luxuries sent out to Major Anderson by the Massachusetts, from Boston, were promptly forwarded to him by the authorities at Charleston; and as the steamer was leaving that port, passing near the fort, the gallant Major, with several of his officers, appeared on the ramparts, waving his handkerchiefs, which was returned on board. A report having gained currency that Anderson was expecting some patient fare, everything sent down to the fort was closely watched, and a large can of condensed milk was the subject of much suspicion.—*Bost. Post, March 24th.*

SKETCHES OF SLAVEHOLDERS.

A chapter from "Incidents in the Life of a Slave Girl," edited by L. Maria Child.

There was a planter in the country, not far from us, whom I will call Mr. Litch. He was an ill-bred, uneducated man, but very wealthy. He had six hundred slaves, many of whom he did not know by sight. His extensive plantation was managed by well-paid overseers. There was a jail and a whipping post on his grounds; and whatever cruelties were perpetrated there, they passed without comment. He was so effectually screened by his great wealth that he was called to account for his crimes, not even for murder.

Various were the punishments resorted to. A favorite one was to tie a rope round a man's body, and suspend him from the ground. A fire was kindled over him, from which was suspended a piece of fat pork. As this cooked, the scalding drops of fat continually fell on the bare flesh. On his own plantation, he required very strict obedience to the eighth commandment. But deviations on the neighbors were allowable, provided the culprit managed to evade detection or suspicion.

If a neighbor brought a charge of theft against any of his slaves, he was browbeaten by the master, who assured him that his slaves had enough of everything at home, and had no inclination to steal. No sooner was the neighbor's back turned, than the accused was sought out, and whipped for his lack of discretion. If a slave stole from him even a pound of meat or a peck of corn, if detected followed, he was put in chains and imprisoned, and so kept till his form was attenuated by hunger and suffering.

A fresh once bore his wine cellar and meat house miles away from the plantation. Some slaves followed, and secured bits of meat and bottles of wine. Two were detected, a ham and some liquor being found in their huts. They were summoned by their master. No words were used, but a club felled them to the ground. A rough box was their coffin, and their interment was a dog's burial. Nothing was said.

Murder was so common on his plantation that he feared to be alone after nightfall. He might have believed in ghosts.

His brother, if not equal in wealth, was at least equal in cruelty. His bloodhounds were well trained. Their pen was spacious, and a terror to the slaves. They were let loose on a runaway, and, if they tracked him, they literally tore the flesh from his bones. When this slaveholder died, his shrieks and groans were so frightful that they appalled his own friends. His last words were, "I am going to hell; bury my money with me."

After his death his eyes remained open. To press the lids down, silver dollars were laid on them. These were buried with him. From this circumstance, a rumor went abroad that his coffin was filled with money. Three times his grave was opened, and his coffin taken out. The last time, his body was found on the ground, and a flock of buzzards were pecking at it. He was again interred, and a sentinel set over his grave. The perpetrators were never discovered.

Cruelty is contagious in uncivilized communities. Mr. Conant, a neighbor of Mr. Litch, returned from town one evening in a partial state of intoxication. His body servant gave him some offence. He was directed of his clothes, except his shirt, whipped, and tied to a large tree in front of the house. It was a stormy night in winter. The wind blew bitterly cold, and the boughs of the old tree cracked under falling sleet. A member of the family, fearing he would freeze to death, begged that he might be taken down; but the master would not relent. He remained there three hours; and when he was cut down, he was more dead than alive. Another slave, who stole a pig from this master, to appease his hunger, was terribly flogged. In desperation, he tried to run away. But at the end of two miles, he was so faint with loss of blood, he thought he was dying. He had a wife, and he longed to see her once more. Too sick to walk, he crept back the long distance on his hands and knees. When he reached his master's, it was night. He had not strength to rise and open the gate. He moaned, and tried to call for help. I had a friend living in the same family. At last his cry reached her. She went out, and found the prostrate man at the gate. She ran back to the house for assistance, and two men returned with her. They carried him in, and laid him on the floor. The back of his shirt was a clot of blood. By means of lard, my friend loosened it from the raw flesh. She bandaged him, gave him cool drink, and left him to rest. The master said he deserved a hundred more lashes. When his own labor was stolen from him, he had stolen food to appease his hunger. This was his crime.

Another neighbor was a Mrs. Wade. At no hour of the day was there cessation of the lash on her premises. Her labors began with the dawn, and did not cease till long after nightfall. The barn was her particular place of torture. There she lashed the slaves with the might of a man. An old slave of her's once said to me, "It is hell in mistle-house. 'Pears I can never get out. Day and night I pray to die."

The mistress died before the old woman, and, when dying, entreated her husband not to permit any one of her slaves to look on her after death. A slave who had nursed her children, and had

still a child in her care, watched her chance, and stole with it in her arms to the room where lay her dead mistress. She gazed awhile on her face, saying, as she did so, "The devil is got you now!" She forgot that the child was looking on. She had just begun to talk; and she said to her father, "I did see ma, and mammy did strike ma, so," striking her own face with her little hand. The master was startled. He could not imagine how the nurse could obtain access to the room where the corpse lay; for he kept the door locked. He questioned her. She confessed that what the child had said was true, and told how she had procured the key. She was sold to Georgia.

In my childhood I knew a valuable slave, named Charity, and loved her, as all children did. Her young mistress married, and took her to Louisiana. Her little boy, James, was sold to a good sort of master. He became involved in debt, and James was sold again to a wealthy slaveholder, noted for his cruelty. With this man he grew up to manhood, receiving the treatment of a dog. After a severe whipping, to save himself from further infliction of the lash, with which he was threatened, he took to the woods. He was in a most miserable condition—cut by the crowskin, half naked, half starved, and without the means of procuring a crust of bread.

Some weeks after his escape, he was captured, tied, and carried back to his master's plantation. This man considered punishment in his jail, on bread and water, after receiving hundreds of lashes, too mild for the poor slave's offence. Therefore he decided, after the overseer should have whiplashed him to his satisfaction, to have him placed between the screws of the cotton gin, to stay as long as he had been in the woods. This wretched creature was cut with the whip from his head to his feet, then washed with strong brine, to prevent the flesh from mortifying, and make it heal sooner than it otherwise would. He was then put into the cotton gin, which was screwed down, only allowing him room to turn on his side when he could not lie on his back. Every morning a slave was sent with a piece of bread and bowl of water, which were placed within reach of the poor fellow. The slave was charged under penalty of severe punishment, not to speak to him.

Four days passed, and the slave continued to carry the bread and water. On the second morning, he found the bread gone, but the water untouched. When he had been in the press four days and five nights, the slave informed his master that the water had not been used for four mornings, and that a horrible stench came from the gin-house. The overseer was sent to examine it. When the press was unscrewed, the dead body was found partly eaten by rats and vermin. Perhaps the rats that devoured his bread had gnawed him before life was extinct. Poor Charity! Grandmother and I often asked each other how her affectionate heart would bear the news, if she should ever hear of the murder of her son.

We had known her husband, and knew that James was like him in malignancy and intelligence. These were the qualities that made it so hard for him to be a plantation slave. They put him into a rough box, and buried him with less feeling than would have been manifested for an old house dog. Nobody asked any questions. He was a slave, and the feeling was that the master had a right to do what he pleased with his own property. And what did he care for the value of a slave? He had hundreds of them. When they had finished their daily toil, they must hurry to eat their little morsels, and be ready to extinguish their pine knots before nine o'clock, when the overseer went on his patrol rounds. He entered every cabin, to see that men and their wives had gone to bed together, lest the men, from over fatigue, should fall asleep in the chimney corner, and remain there till the morning horn called them to their daily task. Women are considered of no value, unless they continually increase their owner's stock. They are put on a par with animals. This same master shot a woman through the head, who had run away and been brought back to him. No one called him to account for it. If a slave resisted being whipped, the bloodhounds were unpacked, and set upon him, to tear his flesh from his bones. The master who did these things was highly educated, and styled a perfect gentleman. He also boasted the name and standing of a Christian, though Satan never had a truer follower.

I could tell of more slaveholders as cruel as those I have described. They are not exceptions to the general rule. I do not say there are no humane slaveholders. Such characters do exist, notwithstanding the hardening influences around them. But they are "like angels' visits—few and far between."

I knew a young lady who was one of these rare specimens. She was an orphan, and inherited as slaves a woman and her six children. Their father was a free man. They had a comfortable home of their own, parents and children living together. The mother and eldest daughter served their mistress during the day, and at night returned to their dwelling, which was on the premises. The young lady was very pious, and there was some reality in her religion. She taught her slaves to lead pure lives, and wished them to enjoy the fruit of their own industry. Her religion was not a garb put on for Sunday, and laid aside till Sunday returned again. The eldest daughter of the slave mother was promised in marriage to a free man; and the day before the wedding this good mistress emancipated her, in order that her marriage might have the sanction of law.

Report said that this young lady cherished an unrequited affection for a man who had resolved to marry for wealth. In the course of time a rich uncle of hers died. He left six thousand dollars to his two sons by a colored woman, and the remainder of his property to this orphan niece. The metal soon attracted the magnet. The lady and her wealthy partner became his. She offered to manumit her slaves—telling them that her marriage might make unexpected changes in their destiny, and she wished to insure their happiness. They refused to take their freedom, saying that she had always been their best friend, and they could not be so happy anywhere as with her. I was not surprised. I had often seen them in their

comfortable home, and thought that the whole town did not contain a happier family. They had never felt slavery; and, when it was too late, they were convinced of its reality.

When the new master claimed this family as his property, the father became furious, and went to his mistress for protection. "I can do nothing for you now, Harry," said she. "I no longer have the power I had a week ago. I have succeeded in obtaining the freedom of your wife; but I cannot obtain it for your children." The unhappy father swore that nobody should take his children from him. He concealed them in the woods for some days; but they were discovered and taken. The father was put in jail, and the oldest two boys sold to Georgia. One little girl, too young to be of service to her master, was left with the wretched mother. The other three were carried to their master's plantation. The eldest soon became a mother; and, when the slaveholder's wife looked at the babe, she wept bitterly. "She knew that her own husband had violated the purity she had so carefully inculcated. She had a second child by her master, and then he sold her and her offspring to his brother. She bore two children to the brother, and was sold again. The next sister went crazy. The life she was compelled to lead drove her mad. The third one became the mother of five daughters. Before the birth of the fourth the pious mistress died. To the last she rendered every kindness to the slaves that her unfortunate circumstances permitted. She passed away peacefully, glad to close her eyes on a life which had been made so wretched by the man she loved.

This man squandered the fortune he had received, and sought to retrieve his affairs by a second marriage; but, having retired after a night of drunken debauch, he was found dead in the morning. He was called a good master; for he fed and clothed his slaves better than most masters, and the lash was not heard on his plantation so frequently as on many others. Had it not been for slavery, he would have been a better man; and his wife a happier woman.

No pen can give an adequate description of the all-pervading corruption produced by slavery. The slave girl is reared in an atmosphere of licentiousness and fear. The lash and the foul talk of her master and his sons are her teachers. "Whomsoever fourteen or fifteen, her owner, or his sons, or the overseer, or perhaps all of them, beat to keep her with presents. If these fail to accomplish their purpose, she is whipped or starved into submission to their will. She may have had religious principles inculcated by some pious mother, grandmother, or some good mistress; she may have a lover, whose good opinion or peace of mind she is dear to her heart; or the profligate man who has power over her may be exceedingly odious to her. But resistance is hopeless.

"The poor worm Shall prove her sonnet vain. Life's battle day Shall pass, and she is gone!"

The slaveholder's sons are, of course, vitiated even while boys, by the unclean influences everywhere around them. Nor do the master's daughters always escape. Severe retributions sometimes come upon him for the wrongs he does to the daughters of the slaves. The white daughters early bear their parents quarrelling about some female slave. Their curiosity is excited, and they soon learn the cause. They are attended by the young slave girls whom their father has corrupted; and they hear such talk as should never meet youthful ears. They know that the women slaves are subject to their father's authority in all things; and in some cases they exercise the same authority over the men slaves. I have myself seen the master of such a household whose head was bowed down in shame; for he was known in the neighborhood that his daughter had selected one of the meanest slaves on his plantation to be the father of his first grandchild. She did not make her advances to her equal, nor even to her father's more intelligent servants. She selected the most brutalized, over whom her authority could be exercised with less fear of exposure. Her father, half frantic with rage, sought to revenge himself on the offending black man; but his daughter, foreseeing the storm that would arise, had given him free papers and sent him out of the State.

In such cases the infant is smothered, or sent where it is never seen by any who know its history. But if the white parent is the father, instead of the mother, the offspring are unblushingly reared for the market. If they are girls, I have indicated plainly enough what will be their inevitable destiny.

You may believe what I say; for I write only that whereof I know. I was twenty-one years in that cage of obscene birds. I can testify, from my own experience and observation, that slavery is a curse to the whites as well as to the blacks. It makes the white fathers cruel and sensual; the sons violent and licentious; it contaminates the daughters, and makes the wives wretched. And as for the colored race, it needs an abler pen than mine to describe the extremity of their sufferings, the depth of their degradation.

Yet few slaveholders seem to be aware of the wide-spread moral ruin occasioned by this wicked system. Their talk is of blighted cotton crops—not of the blight on their children's souls.

If you want to be fully convinced of the abominations of slavery, go on a Southern plantation, and call yourself a negro trader. Then there will be no concealment; and you will see and hear things that will seem to you impossible among human beings with immortal souls.

WHITE LABOR AT THE SOUTH.—It is often asserted that some but the colored race can endure the heat of the South. To this it is replied:—

"There is not one single rod of the Southern States beneath the tropical sun. Every acre of our slave States lies within the temperate zone. The Southern line which passes through Savannah, Georgia, passes through Madrid and Rome, where no white man dreams of an incapacity to labor. In the extreme South, says Cassius M. Clay, at New Orleans, the laboring man, the storekeeper, and blackman, on the levee, where the

heat is intensified by the proximity of the red brick buildings, are all white men, and they are in the full enjoyment of health. 'The steady heat of our summers,' says Governor Hammond of South Carolina, 'is not so prostrating as the short, but frequent and sudden bursts of Northern summers.' 'Here, in New Orleans,' says Dr. Cartwright, 'the larger part of the drudgery work requiring exposure to the sun, such as railroad making, street paving, ditching, and building is performed by white people.' Every well informed man knows that in Texas, where the Germans will not employ slave labor, these hardy emigrants from the North of Europe produce with their own hands more cotton to the acre than the slaves."

PHILOSOPHY OF THE SECESSION MOVEMENT.

The political philosophy which underlies the Secession movement is well expressed by the late Mr. T. S. Goudin, of Florida, Editor of the Southern Confederacy, one of the ablest writers of the new nation:

"With the formation of the Confederate States of America, a new era in civilization has commenced—an era in which, if we hope to gain the respect of the civilized world, we must abandon the old idea of our forefathers that 'all men were born free and equal,' and teach the doctrine of the diversity of the races, and of the supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon race over all others. We must take the ground never dreamed of by the men of '76, that African Slavery is right in itself, and, therefore, should be preserved. African Slavery is either morally right, or it is morally wrong. If wrong, no excuse will suffice, in the eyes of the Almighty, for its continuance. He is perfect, and cannot tolerate iniquity. The same moral and physical laws which in the beginning (of this earth) he laid down for the government of the world, yesterday, to-day, and forever. Earthly legislators may change their laws to suit the emergencies of the times—for they are fallible; but the Almighty—that great Being, whom the heavens of heavens 'cannot contain,'—never. If, therefore, we, after due investigation of the subject, honestly come to the conclusion that slavery *per se* is morally wrong, let us, as honest men and Christians, abolish it at once, without regard to cost. There can be no such thing as a 'necessary evil.' Evil is the misapplication or perversion of what is good. But if, on the other hand, we believe slavery to be morally right, and, in addition thereto find it to our interest to keep up the institution, let us be manly enough to maintain our principles in opposition to the rest of the world. But, for God's sake, and the sake of consistency, do not let us form a Union for the express purpose of maintaining and propagating African Slavery, and then, as the Southern Congress has done, confess our error by enacting a constitutional provision abolishing the African slave-trade. The opening of the African slave-trade is a mere question of expediency, to be determined by legislative enactment hereafter, but not by a constitutional provision.

"The fact of the matter is this: All those erroneous ideas of the rights of man and the equality of the races, we derive from our ancestors of the Revolution. We blame them not for the ideas which they entertained; we honor them for the valiant manner in which they contended for what they believed to be the truth. But, it does not follow that because our ancestors entertained, fought and bled, for certain principles, we, their descendants, should be compelled to entertain, fight and bleed, for the same principles. No! far from it! Our ancestors claimed the privilege of thinking and acting for themselves, without regard to the opinions of their forefathers. We, their descendants, claim the same privilege."

This is all fair and above-board. Having undertaken to destroy the Constitution formed by the men of the Revolution, it only proves the consistency and good sense of the Southern leaders that they should throw overboard the principles of Democracy, and all the ideas of the rights of man which have hitherto been cherished and defended by the American people.—*Tribune.*

SECESSION AND THE METHODIST CHURCH.—The Baltimore and East Baltimore Annual Conferences of the M. E. Church, now assembled respectively at Staunton, Virginia, and Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, are discussing the approval or disapproval of the new chapter added to the Discipline of the Church by the last General Conference, making non-slaveholding a test of membership. The feeling in the Church is very high on the subject, and it is expected that the controversy will result in the division of the Church; the membership proposed to the new rule preferring separation rather than to submit to its provisions. The memorial to the Baltimore Conference, which was adopted by the Convention of Laymen held in Baltimore in December last, contained a very emphatic censure of the action of the Buffalo General Conference. The result of the action of the Conference will be looked for with interest.

HOW A PHILADELPHIA NEGRO MADE A FORTUNE.—The Philadelphia North American says:—

"Among the sterling portion of the colored people of Philadelphia, the late James Prosser will long be remembered. Prosser was to Philadelphia what Downing is to New York, except that Prosser leaves about \$25,000 as the result of his thrift and integrity, while Downing is worth at least five times that amount. For nearly half a century Mr. Prosser kept a restaurant in Market street, and was favorably known to the greater portion of the business community. He reached an advanced old age, and was buried on Saturday last. By his own people he was highly esteemed, and not by the poorest among them was his well earned competence begrudged. He would at any time sooner have gone to the poor house than tell a lie or take a penny that was not his own."

He who cannot keep his own secret, ought not to complain if others tell it.

SECRET SOCIETIES OF COLORED PERSONS.—The new code of laws for Maryland contains a stringent enactment against all secret societies of colored persons in that State. The penalty for its violation by a free colored person, for the first offence, is a fine of not less than \$50; the party, in default of payment, to be sold for a sufficient time to realize the amount; and for the second offence to be sold as a slave for life beyond the limits of the State. Slaves offending to be sold out of the State, or be punished with thirty-nine stripes, at the discretion of the court. Persons renting houses to colored secret societies, including Masons and Odd Fellows, if white, to be fined \$500 or confined in the Penitentiary for not less than 5 nor more than 10 years, and if free colored, to be sold as a slave.

COLLECTION OF THE REVENUE.—It is said that Attorney General Bates, has given the opinion to President Lincoln, that the revenue cannot be collected, except under the law of 1860, which renders it necessary for collectors to reside within their respective districts, and therefore it will be impossible to execute the laws with propriety, even were it otherwise feasible, in vessels.

A POSTMASTER BY A POPULAR VOTE.—An election was held at St. Clairsville, Ohio, a few days ago, in compliance with what has been announced to be the wish of Mr. Lincoln, to determine who should receive the appointment of Postmaster. There were three candidates—two very respectable and popular gentlemen, and a lady named Mrs. Ramsey. The latter was elected by about twenty-five majority.—*Mahoning Register.*

FROM THE WISCONSIN CHIEF. DO TICKLE US.

The mass of mankind, are play-going people! They are not from the ephemeral motives of the hour, and live only for the present. The world is a theater for them, got up and carried on for the sole gratification of their selfish appetites. This life is but the scenery whose changing views shall please them. If the plays are well cast, and the characters well sustained, they cry "bravo!" If not, they hiss their disapprobation, or retire in disgust.

"Here we are!" say these people, "we eat, breathe, and sleep, but suffer terribly from ennui. We are willing to be pleased. Please, gentlemen and ladies, gratify us! Say or do something interesting or funny. We'll make an effort to draw in our breath and honor your performance with a laugh, or applaud with our hands. You'll be highly honored!"

Temperance organizations have had their fair share of this element, from the old fashioned ones down to those of the present time. A touch of novelty, like the lightning of a flame, will call them around with a buzz. Like the moths of a summer night, when the flame burns low, they seek a more attractive light, disappearing as suddenly as they come. Are they not about as worthless as the insects?

It is not the fault of great truths, that the mass who enlist, see no beauty or grandeur in their purpose or mission. It is not the fault of our Temperance reform that this element forgets and deserts it when its pagantry becomes the mail of close and terrible conflict. It would take a thousand generations of such people to endow one Calvary; to give a Huss to the flames; a Hampden to the scaffold; a Warren or Hale to Freedom; a Valley Forge to History. In other days, they might have enlisted for Freedom while it needed but epaulettes and bloodless blades, but would have fled when means of life were to be risked.

With all that there is grand and stirring in the history of our Order, there is much that is most humiliating. They have ever been cured with this novel-hunting element, shouting like heroes when the tide floods in. With its ebb they are gone! From our inmost soul, we pity and despise them. Falstaff's backstap host were never more shadowy and unreliable. While they can be entertained, they delight to stay; when they are called upon for a useful, they can win glory and a triumph, and they may remain steadfast for a day; point them to a wilderness to be trodden in toil, and they sneak from the rendezvous like poltroons.

In one of the cities of this State, — years ago, the writer was called to aid a few noble spirits in flinging out the standard of our cause. Slowly at first, the recruits rallied around it. At last they came in hosts! Lodge after Lodge, as if by magic, spring up, and more than a thousand names were on the roll.

From this same locality, there now comes a cry for help. The organizations languish. And one good brother is anxious that "something new" should be got up! And so the mass of that once gallant host, were but carpet knights; the kid-gloved veterans of a summer day; the moths which gather where the flame shoots up in the darkness. Yesterday full of zeal and leading the column with kindling eye and cheery words; to-day off duty—dull—dead! What a worthless set of runaways! What reason have we to suppose that "something new" would find a deeper or more enduring lodgment in their hearts?

And so, to catch this play-going host, we must have "something new!" Annually, perhaps, there must be a new play, a new cast, new scenes. "To conclude with the laughable farce" which shall "draw" them again? Such are the people who expect to work out great revolutions in public sentiment, make the world better for their living, and give to posterity, name and deeds which shall make their memories blessed. Should they reach Heaven, they will probably suffer much for the want of "something new."

Now, in the name of common sense, how do these people get along with their political or church organizations? Do they expect a programme from year to year? A new Platform, or a new way of voting for their candidates? Do they have new Bibles, new ministers, hymn-books, services, sacraments, etc.? How can they live good Christians and get to glory comfortably, without "something new?" We have but little esteem for